Glo. Tush, that was in the rage: thy
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
my That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.
knowe *La.* I would *I* knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men *I* hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue,
Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger, Looke thee. thee. thee.
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart. my
Weare Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may poore deuoted
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after *I* haue solemnely interred
At Chertsie Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you: deuotie deuotie
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone,
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartly, goe along with me. Barkly Barkly Barkly
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue said farewell already. *Exit.* Said already Said

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse. cou
Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord
Glo. No: to White Fryers: there a
Was euer woman in this humor woed
Was euer woman in this humour won
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her lo
What? I haue What I that kild her husband and her f
To take her in her hearts extreamest h
With curses in her mouth, teares in her
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by
Hauing God, her conscience, and these
And I nothing to backe my suite withal
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling
And yet to win her all the world to not
Hath she forgot already that braue Prin
Edward, her Lord, whom I some three m
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right re
The spacious world cannot againe affoo
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this swe
And made her widdow to a wofull bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edwards mo
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I canno
My selfe, to be a marualous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailo
To studie fashions to adore my bodie,
Since *I* am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a
That I may see my shadow as I passe.